CHAT WITH THE BOXERS

Three Days with the Gallopers, Beginning with the Fourth.

SPLENDID OUTLOOK FOR THE BIRDS

Breezy Cycle Gossip-A Champion Setter-A Prospective Jawing Mill-Vernneular of the Track and All the Corrent Local Sporting News.

There is now no disputing the fact that Dominick O'Malley and Louis Houseman are bigger men than Governor Mathews of Indiana. That is a truth that stands out as boldly as Tommy Ryan's nose. The Hoosier state is but so much gossamer when it comes to checking the advance of this equatorial and hyperborean sport. If they see proper to have a little scrap, a little scrap they'll have, and that's all there is to it. Neither lower or higher court, his gubernatorial excellency, nor the constabulary have any terrors for this pair of hot boys, and when I undertake to put on a fight here next winter I'll get "next" to Dom and Lou, sure.

Contrary to all threats and proscriptions, the Columbian club, of which the two above mentioned sporty individuals are the head and front, pulled off its second regularly scheduled fistic card last Monday evening without the semblance of an interference, and it looks now as if the Columbian will be allowed to continue its harmless divertisements throughout the summer without fear of molestation. Those who are in on the "divy," however, stand a chance of bitter disappointment, for so far the project has been a losing venture. This ought to be sufficient, in itself, to evoke positive action on the part of the goody-good element, for Gladstone's famous line, that nothing succeeds like success, has become a proverb.

But a small number over 1,000 people as-sembled under the big shed at Roby last Monday night to see Peter Maher smash Mr. Flood into somolency, and Hughey Napier strip Bobby Burns of his reputation. The secret of this outcome was simply that Maher was too big for Flood and Napier too long for Bobby. Both mills were interest-ing, however, and the crowd was much beting, however, and the crowd was much better pleased than on the opening night, when Goddard hammered Kennedy the counterfeit, and Buffalo Costello and Billy Woods made a dead heat of their long distance sprint. The country has had a surfeit of dub prize fights and it will be only the topnotchers who will draw a paying crowd of spectators in the future. If Corbett and Mitchell should meet at the Columbian the crush would be something unheard of, but all the Mahers, Woods, Napiers, Kennedys, Burns' and Jones' living will not be sufficiently magnetic to show a balance on the right side of the ledger of any club in existence. The sooner Dominick and Louis tumble to this fact the more pletheric will grow ble to this fact the more plethoric will grow their pocket books. To be sure, there are plenty of big attractions outside of the champion and Mitchell. There is Peter Jackson, Jack McAuliffe, George Dixon, Tommy Ryan, Billy Smith, George Dawson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Joe Choyinski, Johnny Griffin, Solly Smith, and many more, who can always be counted on to pull in the long green.

It is pleasant to note, too, that the Columbian realizes all this, and all of their future bookings are superior to those that have already eventuated. In corroboration of this it is only sufficient to remark that on next club night, Monday, July 10, Johnny Griffin the Braintree lad, and Solly Smith, the stocky little Friscoan, will don the cestus and faint and lab and super for the masters. stocky little 'Friscoan, will don the cestus and feint and jab and punch for the mastery. This will be a fight worth a thousand miles travel to see, and for one, I promise to be there. Following this comes Alex Greggams and Dan Creedon, the Australian; then "Young Corbett"—a 'Frisco protege of Champion Jim's—and Paddy Smith, Denver Ed's brother: As to Greggains and Creedon, while they are capable of interesting work, there remains but little to be said. Young Corbett and Smith will arouse the greater interest simply from the fact that Corbett, the big 'un, will be behind his find, and Denver Ea behind his speckle-faced brother. The principals are lightweights, and while of course nothing whatsoever is known this way about Young Corbett, I can promise you faithfully that it will take a good stiff one to lick Denver Ed's little brother.

The fun of the thing, however, will be on the side, when Denver Ed and Jim Corbett will, in all likelihood, fight the only fight they probably ever will fight. It will be a linguistical affair, and I expect Goddard's conqueror to come out with the honors. He demonstrated his ability to handle a nasty tongue when the Barrier champion persisted in his butting, gouging and elbowing him in their fight at New Orleans last March. While Corbett is very fluent when plastering the press with his fulsome per-sonality, the truth of the axiom of l'Es-Much tongue and much judgment seldom go

makes itself apparent, and if he once gets to swapping billingsgate and rodomontade with the Brummagen, that vertebrated organ connected with the hyoid arch beorgan connected with the hyoid arch be-tween Corbett's thick jaws will become a clumsy implement of defense indeed, and I wot you he will be inclined more than once to resort to the weapons that subverted the mighty John L. "Hully gee!" how Denver Ed will throw the soup of the perlieus into him if the club allows this play on the side

While having the champion in hand it might not be amiss to run a paragraph from Macon McCormick's last Sunday's grist, with which I have always been in full accord.

cord. Mac says: For several weeks men presumed to be in For several weeks men presumed to be in the confidence of the powers that be in au-thority in the Coney Island Athletic club have claimed that it had Jim Corbett's sig-nature to a contract to box Charley Michell in its ring. That there was some foundation for this claim would appear from the fact that early this week Corbett issued a public native to Charley Mitchell to the fact that notice to Charley Mitchell to the effect that unless he signs articles of agreement to box him within six weeks he will consider the match off and will hold himself open to fight any other man in the world, Peter Jackson preferred. To this ultimatum Mitchell

preferred. To this ultimatum Mitchell makes prompt response. He says: "I have not heard from any club offering a purse nor have I received articles for a match from either Corbett or any club in America. I am willing and auxiously waiting to hear from Corbett and the club on the articles and purse." I have never taken much stock in this proposed match between Corbett and Mitchell. In the first place, there is no certainty that it can be pulled off either at Coney Island or Roby, should a satisfactory purse be offered for it by either the Coney Island or Columbian Athletic club. Both of these clubs can pull off minor matches a-pienty, but an international match is a far different thing. There is no doubt that the Crescent City plub of New Orleans could bring it to a legitimate conclusion, but I doubt if its managers care to take the financial risk that legitimate conclusion, but I doubt if its managers care to take the financial risk that a match of such magnitude would involve. Corbett has made a good deal of money since he acquired the championship, but he has added very little to his fistle fame or popularity. It has been so apparent that he was "out for the dust" and nothing else that the sporting world, whose ideal nero is a De Mauprat sort of a duck, regards him as a mere money-grabbing miser. He has no following like Yankee Sullivan, Tom Hyer, John Morrissey, John C. Heenan or Joe Coburn possessed. as a matter of fact John L. Sullivan, defeated and with all his faults, has more genuine friends than he. his faults, has more genuine friends than he. Corbett cannot afford to toss Mitchell aside contemptuously. He must fight him, if a fight with him is in the wood, or retire from the ring and the stage with the money he has already accumulated. He has very lit-tle personal popularity or magnetism, and unless he can demonstrate that he is the unless he can demonstrate that he is the pest man in the ring today the public will have very little to do with him. His talk of preferring Peter Jackson to any other man in the world is the veriest nonsense. If Corbett's manager knew anything about ring affairs or sporting matters, he would see at a glance that a match between Corbett and Mitchell was the thing above all things for the American champion. above all things for the American champion. If he can't whip Mitchell, what chance will

he have with Jackson! I believe that, strong and as well as he was when he faced Sulli-van, he can defeat either of these men, but van, he can defeat either of these men, but in so thinking I only agree with about half the sporting world. There are plenty of good judges of pugilism who think that Mitchell has an even chance of defeating Jim, while a large majority of these people think Jackson's chances against him worth backing at 5 to 4. In short, Corbett is too much like Jack Carter, the Lancashire hero of Tom Cribb and Dan Donnell's day. He talks too much nonsense to the press. If he and Charley Mitchell ever meet in a ring as principals I shall be agreeably disappointed. ipals I shall be agreeably disappointed.

Although Fitzsimmons has gone to Europe for the summer a contest between him and genial Joe Choynski is a very likely quantity. The Californian has aiready put his fist to an agreement with the Coney Island club to meet the Antipodean monstrosity for a purse of \$15,000, and all that is now necessary to make the go a certainty is the consent of the lanky Robert. "Parson" Davies, Joe's excellent manager, met Judge Newton in the pleasant office of the seaside club on Saturday last, and after an interesting and in the pleasant office of the scasice club on Saturday last, and after an interesting and lengthy argument he signed as above on behalf of Choynski. According to the articles the fight is to be at catch weights, the contest to take place on a date to be agreed upon by the principals. Fitzsimmons has been notified and an answer is expected before the layse of many days.

been notified and an answer is expected before the lapse of many days.

On the evening of the day the match was made the Parson wrote me as follows:

AMERICAN THEATRICAL EXCHANGE, N. Y.,
Aug. 24.—Friend Sandy: I had an offer today from the Coney Island club of \$15,000 for Joe Choynski to fight Bob Fitzsimmons, and, as you already probably know, I accepted on Joe's behalf. Fitz has not been heard from as yet, but if the purse does not heard from as yet, but if the purse does not suit him I will agree to wager \$5,000 on the side with him that Joe defeats him. Is it a good thing?

good thing?

I inclose you clipping from the New York World about Central Park Jack. He is to be sold, and if I can buy him will do so; if I am outbid I will make some one pay a fancy price for Jack, anyway. I have arranged for care and pasture for him until I go on the road. He will be for Eva's use in Uncle Tom. I start with Jackson & Co. about Sentember ? Jon be for Eva's use in Uncle Tom. I start with Jackson & Co. about September 2. Joe Choynski goes with us. Jackson will return about August 12 from the West Indies. We will play Omaha about March. Kindly send me The Bee to Chicago. I will be there Friday next. How did you and "Gentleman Jack" get along on his return trip! Hoping all is well with you, I am yours truly,
CHARLES E. DAVIES,
Court House Alley, Chicago.

For the benefit of my readers I will say

For the benefit of my readers I will say that the Jack referred to in the above has been the children's friend at Central Park for over twenty-one years, but has been condemned by the park commissioners to be sold at auction. The World of the 24th said:

"The faithful animal, who never shirked a duty in twenty-one years service for the Park department, held a regular levee yesterday. The children crowded around his paddock, next the elephant house, and fed him sugar and stroked his big soft nose, and him sugar and stroked his big soft nose, and pulled his fine long ears affectionately. They cried, some of them, and their parents waxed indignant and demanded of the near-est keeper why Jack was to be sent out into the world to be kicked and clubed and half starved, perhaps."

The little ones of New York can rest assured if poor old Jack falls into the Parson's hands he will receive as good treatment as has ever been his lot before.

As to whether the contemplated match between Joe and Bob is a good thing or not, all I've got to say is for the Parson's sake, and Joe's, too, for that matter, that I hope so. SANDY GRISWOLD.

THREE DAYS WITH THE GALLOPERS. The Fourth of July Signalizes Omaha's Inaugurat Running Meet.

The stalls at the fair grounds driving park are filled with the highstrung thoroughbreds and the three days running meeting this week, commencing on the Fourth, must certainly prove an overwhelming success. Manager Tuthill returned from St. Louis and Kansas City last evening, and reports that he will be followed today and tomorrow by four car loads of good horses from the tracks of these two cities. The field already on hand is sufficiently large with the additional reinforcements that will arrive in the next two days, makes the ospects for some grand sport bright in-

This is as it should be, for Omaha is illy provided with summer amusements, and it is pleasing to note that she intends to see that her inaugural running meeting is crowned with success. The thoroughbreds are having the call this year all over the country, and with her characteristic enter-prise Omaha intends to be in the push. Everything is in fine shape at the park, The Kinney brothers have gotten the track in matchless condition, and devoted much attention to the arrangen for the accommodation of the public. Fort Omaha Second Infantry band has been engaged for the week, and will intersperse each day's program with its inspiriting and delightful airs. The police regulations will be excellent, and Manager Tuthill has paid much attention to small details, which always go a long way in assuring the comfort and pleasure of the spectators.

and pleasure of the spectators.

Apropos of the coming meeting is a short essay on the vernacular of the paddock, the quarter stretch, betting sheds and stables. It is a nice thing when in Paris to know how to speak French, and equally as nice when in Constantinople or among the habitues of the track to know how to talk "turkey." Philology is a beautiful study and there is a broader field in which to exercise than Philology is a beautiful study and there is no broader field in which to exercise than that furnished by a day with the gallopers.

The finishing touches of the trainer's work which a horse receives before starting in a stake race are called the "grand prep," or the "tuning up." If he appears in the race looking shrunken or drawn he is said to be "too fine," or if he looks fat he is called "high" or "big." If he suits the popular idea he is said to be "fit." A horse does his "trial" in the early morning generally, and such work is supposed to be private and for the information of owner and trainer. The "tout" is the person who slips in to watch 'tout" is the person who slips in to watch the trials and "tips" the same to betting men when the race comes off. The owner "pulls off the race" if he wins with his horse. The "tip" is private information given to a better by a person in a position to know the capacities of the horses in a race, and it gen-

erally "goes wrong."

When a "straight tip" "spread eagles" the
"field" the horse selected by the knowing
ones runs away in front and is never caught ones runs away in front and is never caught by the other horses in the race. If the horse fights out a race in game fashion he is a "stayer," but if he runs well part of the way and then falls back he "stops" or "curls up." A "maiden" is a horse of either sex that has never won a race, and a "selling plater" is an adimal entered in a race to be sold at a stated price if he wins. When a horse is running a series of good races he is "in form" and if bad he is "short of work" or "stale." A jockey "gets off well" when he takes the lead with his horse at the start, or he is "left at the post" when the flag falls and the other horses run away from him. A jockey employs a curious tongue to tell

and the other horses run away from him.

A jockey employs a curious tongue to tell how he did or did not win. In his peculiar way he would tell you that he had the mount on a duffer who was a long shot in the betting and a bad actor at the post. The event was a handicap, and he was in at the top weight. When the flag fell he got going in his stride, while the other kids were sleeping, and, stabbing the ateel into his mount, he shot to the front. Under a drive he made all the running. In the stretch so and so challenged him. His mount swerved, but he pulled his bat and went at him. He rode all over his horse and took the last link out of him, but he shut up like a jack-knife at the drawgate and was collared in a rattling finish and beat a short head, though he got the place with good head, though he got the place with good money against him.

The jockey tolls the story in half the words

which a layman would use in explaining how a race was won, and tells it much better if a race was won, and tells it much better if you know his phrasing. Just so turf slang is used in all sorts of talk around the stable. When a horse is completely exhausted at the end or "finish" of a race, he is "all out." If he is not exhausted, he "had something left in him." He is a "quitter" if he lacks courage. When he finishes poorly he "goes all to pieces," and he is "dead beat" when he comes in behind puffing and blowing. When he wins "running away" or "with his mouth open" or "in hand" a horse wins easily with his jockey pulling him back to the other horses. A "sleeper" is an animal of merit that is sprung upon the public unexpectedly and who wins at long odds.

When a racer is alling from any cause he

"goes amiss" or "goes off" or "goes wrong."
He is a "dickey" when his legs are in danger
of giving way from the strain of hard work.
The "stretch" is the last quarter of the
track; that part which leads straight to the
wire or finish. The "order in the stretch" is
the order of the horses in the race at that the order of the horses in the race at that particular part of the track. 'Out for the dust' and 'out for the stuff' are synonymous. 'On velvet' is the happy condition of a man who is ahead on his wagers for the day or season. An 'outsider' is a horse not expected to win, and an 'outsider' is generally supposed to be 'outclassed.' He gives the "tslent" or betting people the 'dump' when he wins or defeats the favorite or first choice horse. 'Sprinters' are horses that race only at short distances, and a 'distance of ground' means at a mile or over. 'Derby of ground" means at a mile or over. "Derby distance" is a mile and a half.

In Chartie's Mind's Eye. NELIGH, Neb., June 28 .- To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: There is a splendid crop of prairie chickens growing up now, and unless something unforescen occurs from now on we will have exceptional sport this fall. The country was full of old birds this spring, more than there has been for several years, and everything has been favorable to nesting. No late prairie fires, no heavy rain or hail storms to break up the nests or kill the young chicks which are now just commencing to run around lively in the grass. Quail also wintered well and from all along the brush and timber on the river bottom and in every bunch of brush and timber claim on the upland the pleasant call of bob white to his mate is heard. The little brown beauties are getting very plentiful here, and last fall the shocting was as good on them as I ever had in Iowa and it will be as good, if not better, this fall. Present prospects are therefore good for many a pleasant day afield with dog and gun. Come up when the season is ripe and I will wipe your eye.
"Can't do it," did you say?
Well, I'll show you if you will give me a

Come out from among the brick walls and close air of the city and with me follow the dogs for a few days and the sporting col-umns of THE BEE will contain even more ginger, if that is possible than is their wont.
Oh, I can see them now in my mind's eye,
as they go circling and quartering the
ground. Along the billside at a breakneck

ground. Along the billside at a breakneck galiop that they never seem weary of, down into the draw they go. Look at that! Yes, old Sport's got them.

Well, who would have thought a man of Sandy Griswold's age would pile out of a wagon like that for anything but a runaway. But the blood of a man who has ever learned to love the sport of the field never grows cold, eh, Sandy?

In the entire crowd the dog alone seems to be free from excitement. He might as well

be free from excitement. He might as well be stone for any move he makes. Now we are up behind him. Slowly he draws up to the birds, his muscles become rigid, his nose twitches nervously, as he snuffs the clear morning air. Those delicate nerves have told him beyond a question that the birds are in front of him, hiding in the grass. Up goes one, but let it go, that's the old en. Suddenly the air is filled with birds, and bang! bang! bang! bang! I told you I would wipe your eye!

Well, wouldn't a scene like that put new

life into any man who has learned to look for it in the woods and fields? The scene can be repeated again and again, except possibly I couldn't wipe your eye every time.

I will let you know when the proper time comes and then you can give the high five game at Bandle's a rest.

C. J. B.

A Coming Prize Winner. Among the fine dogs in Omaha is a Liewellen setter, Robin Hood Gladstone, 29,782, owned by J. C. Selden and bred by L. A. Myers. This pup is four months old and large for its age; color, black, white and

large for its age; color, black, white and tan, and marked exactly like old Gladstone, 113, his great-grand sire.

This pup is very strong in Gladstone blood, as will by noticed be the following: Sire, Dan Bryson, by American Dan; sire's dam, Countess House; dam, Gracie Bryson, by Sportsman, the great field trial winner, owned by Lorillard; dam's dam, Gracie Gladstone, Countess House, Sportsman and Gracie Gladstone, all by old Gladstone, 113, A. K. C. S. B. When old enough he will be given to a first class breaker to handle and no doubt will prove to be a bench and field trial winner. trial winner.

A Couple of Cricket Contest OMAHA, June 30 .- To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: The regular weekly match of the Omaha Cricket club will be played on the club grounds at Eighteenth and Spencer streets on Saturday afternoon. Sides will

be chosen on the grounds.
On Tuesday a grand match will be played on the same grounds between the Railroad eleven and the Omaha Cricket club. This match will commence at 1:30, and every member of the club is requested to be

In addition to the match, some important business will be transacted.
R. W. TAYLOR, Secretary Omaha Cricket Club.

Another Three-Dollar Game. SOUTH OMAHA, June 28 .- To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: We, the Swifts of South Omaha, hereby challenge any base ball nine in Omaha under 16 years of age for a game on July 2 for \$3 a side. Address, Micheal Barrett, captain, care of Swift & Co., South

Whisperings of the Wneel. Crescent City, Ia., today for dinner and a lovely morning spin.

Only a few more days and then, hoop la! for Lincoln, with its '93 meet, fast and exciting races and general good time. Frederickson, the "big man" of the Tour-ist Wheelmen, poses as the champion dog killer and life saver of the community. Ask

Several high grade wheels, plenty of gold medals and jewelry have been hung up by the Capital City Cycling club for the prizes at the state meet

The Young Men's Christian assoication of Council Bluffs will hold their "field day" at the driving park on the 4th of July. Several 'bike" races are down on the program. The Tourists have received invitations to spend a day at Herman and Craig, which have been accepted. A run has been called for Herman on the 26th of next month;

Craig some time in August. Lovell E. Dunn of the Tourist Wheelmen shook hands with his club mates last week

and departed for the wild and woolly west, where business will keep him in the future. His club mates wish him success. Ben V. Walters, representing Rector Wilhelmy Co. 'on the road," and one of the bright lights of the Tourist Wheelmen, came

in last week for several days, after having made an extended trip through the west. "Bum wheels" or high grade wheels, club men or not, riders should not scorch upon the crowded city streets. It is too dan-gerous. Club men should make it part of their duty to caution beginners and others on this point.

Louis Flescher will very likely retire from the path for good. This season he tried to get into his old-time form again, after a rest of a year or so, but had to give up. The doc-tors say he cannot race. Too bad, old boy, but you can rest on your handle bars and watch the parade go by, happy in the thought a that you made the best of them hustle once.

Frank Beedleson, the one-legged conti-nental tourist, who is riding from San Fran-cisco to New York city, was a visitor at the club houses and cycle stores several days of last week. He took in the Ganymede pic-nic at Kline's grove and left via Crescent City late Sunday afternoon for Chicago. He is making excellent time and is looking healthy and sunburned. He expects to finish his trip before August.

The Tourist Wheelmen, racing board are

The Tourist Wheelmen racing board are The Tourist Wheelmen racing board are still working like Turks for the success of the club's tournament at the fair grounds on the 15th of July. The prize list is steadily growing and will soon be in shape for publication. The club should have all the encouragement which can be given it, as it will be the means of advertising Omaha and bringing in the people from neighboring towns.

J. W. Schneider, one of the most prominent members of the Tourist Wheelmen, has returned to his home in the far east, where he will likely remain for some time. Mr. Schneider will be greatly missed by his club mates and friends among the wheelmen. He was one of the most enthusiastic workers in the club and a veteran wheelman, having earlier in life been a member of the first party of Elwell Tourists, who made a tour of Europe on their wheels. This was in the days of the good old ordinary and straight towns.

handle bars. His club mates wish him success wherever he may desire to reside. Cess wherever he may desire to reside.

Tom Roe will not finish his much advertised ride after hil, so it is said. He is in Chicago and says "won't go any farther," and now all the papers cry "Fake." The Bearings, in explaining his action, states that Roe has not lived up to the contract he made with the Union people. He has discarded their machine, Sager saddle and all, and the Union people rightfully stopped his salary and expense money.

The races at Lincoln on the Fourth will

salary and expense money.

The races at Lincoln on the Fourth will be run in the following order: I. One-quarter mile, League of American Wheelmen championship. 2. One mile, novice. 3. One mile, League of American Wheelmen championship. 4. Two-mile, open. 5. One mile, 3:05 class. 6. One mile, open; prizes will be awarded in this race to the man leading at each lap. 7. One-half mile, boys under 16. 8. Two-mile, League of American Wheelmen championship. 9. One mile, fat men's handicap; open to men whething 180 pounds or over; riders will be handicapped according to weight. 10. Five-mile handicap.

The Ganymede Wheel club gave a com-plimentary picnic party to the Omaha Wheel club and the Turners' Wheel club last Sun-day at Kline's grove, a few miles from the Bluffs. The picnic was, as usual, a success and everybody had a "high old time," to use the popular phrase of the wheelmen. The mandolin club had hacks to convey them to the grove and furnished delightful music during the afterneon. The camera man, or rather several of them, were on hand and took snap shots at the crowd quite frequently. Picnic parties in the east are quite a fad and a very popular way of spending the day among some clubs. Everybody has a good ride, good feed and a pleasant outing. Residents of Blair no doubt imagined that the cyclists had taken complete and quiet possession of their beautiful little city last possession of their beautiful little city last Sunday, as the parks, hotels and streets were filled with wheelmen and wheels. As if by agreement surrounding cities and towns which sport bicycle clubs sent in their representatives. The Tourist Wheelmen of Omaha had their regular run called for Biair, the Herman Wheel club came down to spend the day with the Tourists, the Biair club had invited the Craig club down, and lone riders from Fremont, Logan and Missouri Valley dropped in before the day was spent. The wheelmen mingled together and spent the day among the trees in quiet, social intercourse. The Keeley got up a splendid dinner, which was enjoyed by quite a number. Altogether it was one of the a number. Altogether it was one of the most enjoyed of the many pleasant runs taken by the Tourists and no doubt equally so by the other clubs. The fastest quarter mile ever made by a bleycle on the Council Bluffs driving park

track was the one which the worthy official of one of the Omaha cycle clubs accomplished one evening last week. The young man (we will no give him away), by the way, is a prominent factor inlocal cycling circles and has an idea that he might blossom into a "phenom" in the way of "flyers" with a little training. He has been in the habit of hieing himself in a quiet manner to the track and indulging in a little spurt each evening, clad in the airy habiliments customary to the racing cracks. habiliments customary to the racing cracks. All had gone well; no one knew that he aspired to race until the episode of the other evening. On this particular occasion he proceeded, as had been his wont, to the track and proceeded to disrobe and don his "racing duds," then out upon the smooth surface of the track he sailed. The track is a mile around and about half a mile had been ridden, when suddenly, with a hoarse roar, a cloud of dust and flaming eyes there appeared upon the scene a big black appeared upon the scene a big black bovine of the gentleman persua-sion, who forthwith and with-out presenting his compliments started in to out presenting his compliments started in to nace the aspiring and perspiring cyclist. The pace was hot and uncomfortable, for the reason that the angry bovine preferred to stay in the reas. On came the bull, faster spun the pedals, up the quarter stretch they came, chased and chaser. Under the wire they sailed, the wheel a good 100 yards in the lead; unmindful of the uproarious applause that came from the tiers of empty benches, they dashed through the gates and out upon the street, but to draw a veil overthe scene, it was painful in the extreme, the bull was corraled and in the extreme, the bull was corraled and the young man borrowed a handkerchief to wrap around his perspiring form as he re-turned for his street clothes. No one caught the time, but the benches are telling each other yet that it was the greatest race that they had ever witnessed. There is a white streak among the young man's dark locks.

Spasmodic Yelps from the Bleachers. Billy Alverd is playing third for Buffallo and, they say, is playing it well, too. Jimmy Canavan has drawn his papers from Cincinnati. Who would have thunk it They say Buckenberger coaches the Pittsburgs from the bench by signs. Don't believe Buck could make a sign to save his

Von der Ahe has chased Sandy Griffin at last. I gave him until the middle of June. It is a 60 to 1 shot that Shannon entices him to Macon within the next ten days. Cincinnati won its bi-monthly game day before yesterday. Tony Mullane has at last been kicked out of the team, and better luck will surely follow, or at least ought.

Darby O'Brien, who began his career at St. Joe, died at his home in Peoria last week. Darby was captain of the Brooklyns and an all-round ball player without a superior in the profession. But he has been called out for the last time.

That will be a tropical game down at Non parell park this afternoon. It is the third and deciding struggle between the South Siders and the Fort Omaha Major Generals. If Spud Farrish will only keep his money off the 'Pareils, I'll let him umpire.

The Chattanoogas have been cutting a fat hog or two themselves lately. Friday they won their eleventh straight game, and Gus Schmelz whiskers have grown a yard in two weeks, while Joe Waish's hair looks more and more like the aurora borealis.

Bill Goodenough, the man who killed the Tenth street barber, knocked Pitcher Lucid of the Macon team down after a game in Memphis the other day. Then managers Shannon and Graves came near mixing up, and a general riot was only prevented by the arrival of the cops.

The Pittsburg newspapers called McNabb 'parson." Why? McNabb's name is Edgar, but by the players he is familiarly called "Pete." He doesn't look anything like a parson.—Sporting Life. No indeed, Petie looks more like his pa every day and you bet his pa is no parson.

Questions and Answers. GRAND, ISLAND, Neb., June 22.—To the Sport-ing Editor of The Bee: Please state in next SUNDAY'S BEE the age of Jacob Schafer, the billiardist, and oblige a subscriber.—Jerry Nevins.

Ans .- Forty-two. OMAHA, June 23.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please publish in SUNDAY'S BEE how many rounds it took Bobby Burns, who fights Napier at Chicago tomorrow night, to whip Cal McCarthy?—C. L. M. Ans.-Eight.

Ans.—Eight.

BEATHICE, June 21.—To the Sporting Editor of The BEE: In your replies in next Sunday's BEE please state if an amateur wheelman should race for purse on a registered regulation track does he become a professional? If the wheelmen are required to pay an entry fee do they then become profesionals? If they should race with a horse do they become professionals?—C. M. Rigg.

Ans.—(1) Yes. (2) Not necessarily, If they race for money, yes. (3) No.

Ans. -(1) Yes. (2) Not necessarily, If they race for money, yes. (3) No.

DENVER, Colo., June 21.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Notwithstanding this is Patsy's old home, I can't get the necessary information to settle a little bet. How old is Patsy Tobeau, and what is his right name, where was he born and where has he played professional ball?—R. T. Van H.

Ans.—Oliver Tebeau, alias Patsy Bolivar, was born in St. Louis. December 5, 1864. He has played balk in Jacksonville, Ill.; St. Joseph, Mo., Omsha, Denver, Chicago and

ALLIANCE, Neb., June 22.—To the Sporting Editor of Time Bun: Please state in next Sun-day's Bune best record for bicycle one mile.— Porter Bros. & Co. Ans.-Sanger, the Milwaukee

Ans.—Sanger, the Milwankee bicyclist, on Saturday a week ago, at Hern Hill, London, England, with a flying start beat his quarter-mile *record, which was 28 4-5 seconds, by one second. He did a mile in 2:10 15, thus beating Harris' record of 2:123-5. Whill performing the one mile feat he also surpassed by 2:1-5 seconds Scoffeid's record of 1:38 2-5 seconds for three-quarters of a mile. All are world's records. All are world's records. OMAHA, June 23 .- To the Sporting Editor of

THE BEE: Please state in Sunday morning's issue whether Tom Cannon ever beat Evan Lewis in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match; if so, when and where?—Athlete. Ans.-Yes, at Cincinnati, July 15, 1886, two

OMAHA, June 22.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please state whether Birmingham's Convention ball team legitimately won the

championship of Omaha? Please state also whether any professional ball team was ever shut out by an opposing team in a full series,— Brummagem.

Ans.—(1) Not yet. (2) Yes. The St. Louis Browns shut Hartford out in three consecutive games at St. Louis, July 11, 13 and 15, by scores of 2 to 0, 3 to 0 and 2 to 0. and 15, by scores of 2 to 0, 3 to 0 and 2 to 0.

Lincolas, Neb., June 22.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet state in Sunday's sporting columns if Frank Parmelee ever shot for the American Field cup. Did J. A. R. Elliott ever beat Charlie Budd for this trophy, and has Elliott ever beaten Captain Brewer for the same?—Choke Bore.

Ans.—(1) No. (2) Yes, April 12, 1891, at Kansas City. Elliott, 49 birds out of 50; Budd, 46. (3) No, but Brewer beat Elliott three times consecutively in March, 1891, for \$2,000 each shoot.

\$2,000 each shoot.

\$2,000 each shoot.

There are letters at the sporting department of The Bee for Frank Jellen, ball player, and Bill Hennessey, pugilist.

Hastings, June 27.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state in Sanday morning's paper when, where, and with whom Joe Choynski has had his last two fights and dates of the same and oblige.—X. Y. Z.

Ans.—Beat Billy Woods, Frisco, December 18, 1891; beat George Godfrey, at Coney Island, October 31, 1892.

OMANA, June 26.—To the Scorting Editor of

OMAHA, June 26.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Are there any better game bird and fish pictures extant than the Scribner lithowater colors, and where can they be had? I have written to the firm in New York, but cannot be supplied as they only have their files left. Can I procoure them anywhere in this city?—R. T. L., New York Life Building. Ans.—Scribner's game birds, fish and dogs have no equal for truthfulness of delineation and color. They are out of print but as luck will have a few copies can be seen at Chapman's North Sixteenth street fine art

Wahoo, Neb., June 28.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: A bets B that the cowboys don't average seventy-five miles per day from Chadron to Chicago. Who wins?—Constant

Ans.-A. Ans.—A.

Sidney, Ia., June 28.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you please answer one or two questions by return mail for me? Who is the champion fifty-yard sprinter of the United States, and his time, please? Say, Sandy, if a man comies in here from a neighboring town and challenges me for a race, and we put up the forfeit and the time is set to run, but neither party saying where they will run, at Sidney or Anderson, and I say I will not go to Anderson for the money was put up here at Sidney and he says he will not come here to run, but says if I do not come there he will take all the forfeit. Now, which one of us has a right to it, or is it a draw?—Bert Taylor.

Ans.—(1) No questions answered by mail

Ans.—(1.) No questions answered by mail.
(2.) Fifty-yard champion, L. E. Meyers, 5½.
(3.) The challenged party has a right to fix on place for the race.

COIN, Ia., June 23.—To the Sporting Editor of The Ber: Please state in next Sunday's Ber the most blue rocks Mr. Parmelee ever broke and also the champion shot of blue rocks.—O. L. D. Ans.—(1.) One hundred straight, (2.) There is none.

OMAHA, June 30.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: To decide a bet please answer the following in THE SUNDAY BEE. Which can travel 1,000 miles the quicker, a man or a horse, the horse to have a rider? If you have any records please give them.—L. J. D.

Ans.—The horse easily. The late cowboy race to Chicago is all the record necessary.

A PLAINT. Chicago Record.

Oh, why is there never a change From the commonplace round of the days? Why is there naught that is strange To brighten and cheer up our ways?

All clear days are cloudless and bright, All misty are foggy and dim, Lightness distinguishes light, And darkness is all black and grim.

The moon is e'er moonlike and cold, The stars are all starry and chill, Golden is all of our gold And silver is silvery still.

No rain falls but rain that is wet, The air contains nothing but air;
The setting sun cannot but set,
And men who are bald have no hair.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE,

It was a little girl about 5 years old who was being exhibited by her fond and happy par-ents to a very admiring and sympathetic The methods of the kindergarten which

the methods of the kindergarten which the little girl was attending were being amply justified by the readiness of her answers to the lady's questions, until finally she was asked if she could count. "Oh, yes, I can count," she replied.

"Well, won't you let me hear you?"
"One, two, three, four, five six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king."
It is rumored that paterfamilias blushed deeply and endeavored to change the conversation as quickly as possible.

Sunday School Teacher-Now, Tommy, describe the combat that took place between David and Goliath. David and Goliath.

Tommy (full of enthusiasm at anything to do with a fight)—Goliar, he came out and talked awhile through his hat. David, he chinned him a little an' then he upped and pegged him in the cokernut with a brick and

Goliar croaked. Little eight-year-old Felix often went on errands for the Woman's Exchange of A —... The other day he told his mamma that there must be a big party at Mrs. Young's, for he had just taken sixty charlotte roosters

Blobbs had just had his face shorn of his whiskers, and as he returned home his 4-year-old boy ran in the house and heralded the father's appearance thus: "Oh! mamma; papa has got a rew face!"

Arthur-Mamma, was grandma very cross when she was young?
"No. dear; why?"
"Well, I thought maybe that was why God

fixed her teeth so they could be taken out. Aunt Maria-And so when the prodigal re turned, his father killed the fatted calf. Lattle Johnny-But what had the calf been

Susie-I always know when it is dinner Mamma—How? Susie—My conscience pricks me.

READY MADE MUSTARD PLASTERS

SEABURY'S SULPHUR CANDLES: Prevention is better than cure, by burning these candles bad smells in basements, closets, &c. are destroyed, and thus contagious diseases are kept away; also useful for expelling mosquitos and irritating insects. Price, 25c. each. HYDRONAPHTHOL PASTILLES,

nich in burning, disinfect and produce a grance refreshing and invigorating. See, per x of 12. Sole Manufacturers SEABURY & JOHNSON, Chemists. NEW YORK.

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Over production at the bottom of it all. How could we sell the best

Moquette Carpets \$1.15 Yard

Unless there had been too many made? But it is the manufacturer's loss, not ours, and certainly not yours. So we shall go on selling them at the "Least Might of a Profit." We want every one to have a handsome carpet while it can be had at such a small cost. Carpets purchased now will be held

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The Moquet Rugs in our rug sale are a wonder of beauty and it takes So Little Money to buy

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ORCHARD CARPET CO.

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LIGHT WEIGHT, ROLL COLLAR? WE ARE NOW MAKING ONE, WITH DEEP POINTS, EQUAL TO ANY

FOR 20c. ASK ONLY



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The Monarch is the best marm meather Shirt. Solid Comfort & complete satisfaction guarateed. CLUETT, COON & CQ.



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IRON WORKS. Paxton & Vierling | Industrial Iron Works.

Omaha Milling Co. S. F. Gilman. C. E. Binck, Manager. PRINTING. Reed Job Printing | Page Soap Co. Reo Building.

Manufacturers of Union WHITE LEAD.

Carter W hite Lead Co

SOAP.